

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE HILLSIDE POCKET.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Chloride Jack came up out of the mine and called us into the cabin. My brother and I knew that something unusual had happened, or the old miner would never have climbed the long shaft-ladder before noon. He led the way into the cabin, and poured upon the table the contents of a heavy gunny-sack.

"Boys," he said, "we have struck rich at last!"

Apparently we had struck it rich at last. There it lay on the table, fifty or more irregular chunks of red, "rotten" quartz, and all through it great strings and lumps of dark yellow gold.

We could scarcely believe our eyes, but Jack was quick to explain.

"You see, I thought from what Antonio said last night about that little stringer of ore he's been following up that it was a going to do something big for us before long, and so this morning I set Antonio to work in the east drift, and I just put a drill into the stringer myself. Before I'd gone a foot she broke right through into the soft rock, and the first charge of powder laid open just the prettiest little pocket you ever see. But it wasn't nothing but a pocket!" he added, sorrowfully, "That there on the table is all the gold we'll ever get out of it. I cleaned that up in less than fifteen minutes, and then I worked two hours longer without seeing so much as a color."

What did we care if it was only a pocket? In the mass of quartz lying before us there was at least three thousand dollars; and even if there were no more gold in that particular spot, there was reason to believe that a mine which had one pocket would have others.

I was only eighteen years old, and had come to Arizona but lately. My brother, a mining engineer, had been working the Hillside Mine for several years. It had not paid very well, and he had gradually reduced the force of men until there were left only Chloride Jack, who was the foreman and an "old-timer" in this Western country, and the two Mexicans, Antonio and Chono.

Only the day before we had talked of shutting down the mine permanently. Now there on the table lay hope and encouragement. We laughed, whistled and sang. We were almost angry with Jack because he took the matter so coolly.

When the Mexicans came up at noon, we showed the "find" to them. They had seen it once by candlelight in the mine. As they looked eagerly at the gold, they congratulated "the most fortunate seniors."

But when dinner was over, we suddenly noticed that the Mexicans had not gone back to work in the mine, but were talking excitedly together on the other side of the shaft. When Jack went out to ask the reason, they muttered something about "No work on a fiesta day," and moved away.

We began to recognize the gravity of the situation. In the cabin was three thousand dollars almost as pure as bullion. The mine was twenty-five miles from Antelope, the nearest town by the road across Antelope Desert, without a house of any kind until within sight of the town. We had our horses, it is true, but the Mexicans had theirs. The horses were all feeding now on the mesa in sight of the cabin.

We had arms, but so had they. The borders of Mexico were less than a hundred miles away. The Mexicans had worked for us and lived with us for more than a year.

They were good workers, and always courteous; but now, with three thousand dollars in the cabin, could we trust them?

Their unwillingness to work this afternoon was certainly suspicious.

As my brother and I began to perceive that it might be necessary to defend the gold with our lives, we almost wished that we had never seen the pocket, or even the mine. My brother finally said:

"Jack, I'm afraid that we are in a pretty bad box. You know this country and the Mexicans better than we do, and we shall have to

depend on you. What had we better do?"

He had evidently been thinking as fast as we had, for he said:

"Boys, I've been in worse scrapes than this many a time, and I've always come out alive so far. Now you do just as I tell you. You take your guns and go down and bring in our horses. I'll be doing up the gold, and if them Greasers make a move on me in the cabin, you must drop them quick as lightning. They won't touch you nor the horses."

We strapped on our revolvers, and walked briskly toward the mesa, half a mile away. The Mexicans did not move toward the cabin. Perhaps they knew Jack's aim too well; at any rate, after a little hesitation, they followed us slowly toward the horses.

We looked at the Mexicans' horses, and then regretfully at our own. The Mexicans' ponies were fine animals, which they had brought with them from Northern Mexico. They are wiry and enduring beyond any breed of horses in the world. We had one good horse, and two poor ones. One of these, "Old Baldy," was fit only to haul ore from the mine. We caught our own animals while the Mexicans were chasing theirs, and hurried back to camp. By the time we had saddled, Jack stood in the door ready to start, with the gold tied securely in a gunny-sack.

Without explanation, he told my brother to take the best horse. He himself mounted the second best, and gave me, as the lightest man, the weakest of the horses, Old Baldy. We started at once, and at the foot of the hill broke into a long, swinging lope.

As we rode along, Jack hurriedly outlined his plan. My brother, on the best horse and without the gold, was to take the trail—shorter by several miles than the regular road,—hurry into town, and arouse a posse of officers. Jack and I, carrying the gold, were to take the road, and make the best time we could. "I never knew a Greaser yet that really knew anything, anyhow," said Jack to my brother. "When they see that the best horse has turned off by the trail all alone, they'll be dead sure he carries the gold. You'll be light enough without the ore to outrun them, I reckon; and if you can't, why, surrender. We'll have the gold, and I'll get into town before they can get back to the road after us."

The trail turned off about three miles from camp, and following a "wash" which was a little too rocky for a road, saved about four miles out of the twenty-five. When we reached the fork, my brother turned his horse into the trail and bounded away from us.

We had not seen the Mexicans since we left camp. Indeed, we had not much reason to think that they would follow us at all. Still, it was better to run no risks, and we kept on at a good pace. Jack was in the lead, while Old Baldy followed close behind, breathing heavily, but inspired by the horse in front, was keeping up well.

We rode mile after mile without speaking a word. All this while the horses never broke from their steady lope. But they were going much more slowly. I was feeling the strain of the long ride, too, now that the excitement was lessening, when, at the top of a long rise, Jack looked back and said, sharply: "They're after us, sure enough! We're in for it now."

I looked back. At the top of the farthest rise in sight there was a little cloud of dust.

"It appears that there are some Greasers who know something this time," I said, panting, to Jack. He made no reply. We topped the hill and went swinging down the slope at a freshened pace. At the top of the next hill we could see two black figures in the cloud of dust. The race had begun in earnest. We were fully eight miles from town and the Mexicans were not more than a mile behind us.

Jack looked very grave. Could we beat them on our tired horses, one weighted down with the gold, and the other old and weak? We urged the poor beasts to new efforts. The Mexican horses were giving full proof of their blood and toughness. As they gradually closed in on us, we could see their riders strike them at intervals, and at

every blow they would spring forward at a wilder pace. At last one of the Mexicans drew his revolver and fired at us. Jack looked back, measured the distance, and said, grimly:

"You'll never hit anything from that range."

They wasted another shot, and then fell to urging their horses again, shouting in Spanish. They were risking everything by coming so close to town, and were furious, apparently, at the chance of our escape. So they shot again, and this time the bullet sang close above our heads.

Jack turned, looked at my horse, at the Mexicans, who were about to fire again, and then at the road ahead. As if convinced that there was no alternative, he rose in the saddle, held the package of gold up into full view of our pursuers, and threw it deliberately into the road. Then he urged his horse forward as fast as before.

For a moment I was completely astounded. Could this be Jack, the old-timer, the hero of a dozen fights, giving up the gold without a single shot?

Then, like a flash, I saw what it meant. Jack was not afraid on his own account, but on mine. He feared that, in the fusillade on horseback that must have followed if the Mexicans overhauled us, I should be shot, and he had given up the gold to save me.

For a moment I was very angry. In the excitement of the race I felt no fear, and was sure that no danger would have compelled me to abandon the treasure.

The Mexicans rode up to the sack, reined in their horses at the exact spot, picked up the package, and rode back as rapidly as they came. But Jack kept urging his horse toward town without a word.

Again it flashed over me that I had misjudged the old miner. He had abandoned it only for a time. He was assuming that my brother had arrived in town and by the time we reached there would have collected a posse of men who would pursue the Mexicans, so we would not only recover the gold but catch the robbers.

It happened just as we expected. My brother had been in town ten or fifteen minutes when we arrived, and had collected six or seven men on horseback, among them a deputy-sheriff. Two of these offered Jack and me their horses, and in not much more time than it takes to tell it, we were all back on the road over which we had just come.

Jack rode well ahead, pointing out the Mexicans' tracks and explaining matters to the deputy-sheriff and my brother. The Mexicans had gone back over the road to a point within a few miles of the mine, and had then turned sharply to the southward, toward Mexico. The deputy-sheriff and his men followed the hot trail, but to my surprise Jack kept on toward the mine. My brother followed him and beckoned to me to come.

I was dumbfounded again. Did Jack expect to find the Mexicans at the mine, or was this a short cut to head them off? We rode up to the cabin, dismounted and tied our horses. Everything was as we had left it. There were no Mexicans in sight.

Jack led us straight into the kitchen. He dropped on his knees before the fireplace, and, raking back the ashes, picked out lump after lump of blackened rock. As he rubbed one of these on his sleeve and showed beneath the soot the glistening yellow metal, I slowly perceived that this was the very gold which he dug from the pocket that morning, and which I had been certain was on its way to Mexico.

As I stood looking at him in amazement, he said to me with a twinkle in his eye: "Youngster, I never see a Greaser yet that knew anything, anyhow."

The three thousand dollars' worth of ore had not been out of the cabin. While we and the Mexicans had been catching our horses after dinner, Jack had raked back the coals in the fireplace, buried the gold in the ashes, and replaced the embers. He had then tied up about an equal weight of ore specimens, of which the cabin was full, and it was this which he carried so carefully in our wild ride to town.

When he threw this package to the Mexicans, they had been in too great fear of pursuit to examine it, and had carried it away unopened.

How long they carried it we do not know. They did not have it when they were captured next morning, just making camp after an all-night ride.

We did up the real gold this time, and before morning had it safe in charge of Wells, Fargo & Co, in Antelope. Chloride Jack got a liberal share of it, but I doubt whether it did him so much good as the recollection of those two Mexicans racing for their lives toward Mexico and carrying a heavy sack of worthless ore.—*Youths Companion.*

## CHRISTY'S MUSIC.

The brown-hat had just been satisfactorily adjusted on the mat of brown curls, and Christy was turning away from the glass when a quavering voice asked, "Be you goin' to the village, Christy?"

"No, grandpa. Over to Beck's farm for Aunt Martha." "Oh!" There was a sigh of disappointment in the long-drawn monosyllable. "You aint goin' nowhere nigh the post-office then?"

"Not this time," answered Christy, mechanically. Grandpa was always asking about the post-office whenever any one stirred from the house, and she did not give the remark much thought. He was sitting in his favorite place by the window, the soft summer breeze blowing his thin white hair about his face, and there was a wistful look in the faded eyes as they turned from their long watching down the road to the grish face.

"Well, I s'pose 'tain't much matter, only I thought if you was goin'—"

"She aint!" interposed Aunt Martha, promptly, and her voice, always brisk to the verge of sharpness, had a decided tone of impatience. "I want Mrs. Beck to know about the currants, and if Christy goes 'way round by the postoffice, there won't be time to do anything about 'em to-night."

"I aint askin' her to go, Marthy. I don't want to bother nobody, only there might be a letter from Debby's folks—if she was a goin'."

The gentle, deprecating tone struck Christy. The wish was only one of grandpa's notions, of course, but it would be a very little thing to gratify it, and she answered, with careless good-nature, "I don't mind the walk. I might go that way."

But Aunt Martha was not so complacent. "No, you can't, Chfistine! It'll take you 'most an hour longer, and I can't wait. Besides, there's no sense in it; there won't be no letter there if you do go."

"May be there aint, Marthy. I don't want to bother nobody," repeated the patient voice. "I had a kind of feelin' there'd be a letter to-day, but I aint no ways sure. Never mind, Christy."

There was a look in Christy's brown eyes which boded rebellion, and to that the hurried housekeeper addressed her expostulation:

"There's no sense wastin' time any such way, Christine! I reckon if that letter should happen to get to the office it would keep over night; but it's been five years 'a comin', and haint got here yet, and it never will."

A sudden whiteness swept over the worn old face. A look of utter hopelessness for a moment blotted out its eagerness, and the old man looked from his daughter-in-law to Christy as if questioning the truth of what he had heard. A memory mercifully treacherous had, perhaps, prevented his realizing how long the waiting had been, and the sharp fact smote him like a blow. Then hope slowly reasserted itself.

"'Tis a long time," he faltered, "but there may ha' been reasons. They might ha' been hindered a spell—what with work and sickness and such; but you know Ephraim said—"

"Yes, I know," admitted Mistress Martha, hastily, with as near an approach to penitence as it was in her nature to feel.

"But all Ephraim said didn't mean anything, and I wish to goodness he hadn't said it!" she added, the minute she was safely in the

kitchen again, and out of hearing. "It's enough to pester a body to death."

"What did he say?" asked Christy, carefully filling the lid on the little basket she was to carry. That "letter from Debby's folks" had been to her merely a familiar household phrase, running back into she mists of her childhood. She had clasped it with grandpa's rheumatism and other infirmities of age, and it had never before occurred to her to inquire seriously into its origin.

"Why, 'twas when Ephraim was here, that last visit he made. He was goin' away, and he had to say something, you know, so he asks father how he'd like to come out and visit them a spell; and father's face chirks all up, and he says, 'First-rate!' So Ephraim laughed, and says he, 'So you'll be all ready, then, when we send you a letter that we're comin' after you?' and I declare for it, he's been watchin' for that letter ever sence—crazy to see Debby, sure that Debby wants him, and was gettin' ready for him."

"I don't s'pose Ephraim ever thought about it again, and he wouldn't be likely to lay out money any such way as comin' for him. He aint so anxious to get an old father-in-law on his hands, though I don't think 'twould be more than fair if they did have the care of him a spell, even if they do think John's the best off."

"I aint sayin' anything against father," as Christy's face darkened. "I don't 'grudge him what he has, dear knows. I'm always willin' to take good care of him, too, though I aint his own daughter; as Debby is. Anyway, that kind of a letter has never come, nor many of any other kind. The Holmeses aint no hands to write unless there's a weddin', or death; but the traisin' to the post-office has had to go on all the same."

She was heated, tired and vexed that day, or the speech might not have been quite so plain. By and by, when she was rested, and the kitchen in its wonted order, she would make the particular kind of waffles grandpa liked for supper, and feel a comfortable sense of having thereby balanced all accounts.

Well taken care of the old man certainly looked, as he sat by the window that day, and everything about the substantial farm-house bore proof of the same kind of care. The room was spotlessly clean, and every chair in its appointed place.

"Marthy's a prime manager," he always said of her, but sometimes he had a weary feeling of being managed too much.

He watched Christy pass down the walk, and turn in the direction of Beck's. Maybe they were right, and Debby never would send. A cloud had come over the summer day, and the world looked strangely empty and lonesome. Debby had been the girl among all his boys, it had hurt more than the mother's heart had acknowledged even to itself when she married and left the old nest, though that was before her mother died.

Since then—well, all thought he "would be so well off with John!" He supposed he had been. "Only Marthy's so busy, an' I s'pose old folks is hard to put up with sometimes!" he murmured. It was usually as one to be "put up with" that he thought of himself here.

But at Debby's—she had her mother's ways, and there were little children in her home, too—a tiny girl named after Mary. He seemed to feel the clinging of the soft arms about his neck, and new life with the touch. No, it could not be that Debby did not want him; Martha did not know. Christy, at the corner of the garden fence, looked back, saw the face at the window, and walked more slowly.

What did he see, she wondered, in those long hours of gazings down the road? Old friends? Old days, when he was the centre instead of outside of everything? How strange it must seem to be stranded so while life's great, busy stream flowed by!

She had never thought of it before, but she could not shake off the thought now, and when the matter of the currants had been settled, she broke away from Mrs. Beck's neighborly gossip, and walk-

ed homeward by way of the village. That, at least, could not hinder Aunt Martha.

The post-office was but one corner of the village store, and the postmaster and merchant in one answered her inquiries with the easy familiarity of old acquaintanceship.

"Can't I show you some dress goods, Miss Christy? Letters? Not any for your folks to-day. No, that letter for the old gentleman haint got here yet. He's expectin' strong as ever, I reckon?"

A laugh completed the sentence, and was echoed by the three or four loungers who had dropped in for the afternoon's news. The subject seemed indeed to awaken unusual hilarity in two occupants of a seat on the grocery counter, and one, a red-faced youth with bristling hair and a very blonde moustache, volunteered an explanation. "Fact is, Bufham, the old fel—gentleman called for his mail himself a little bit ago, while you was out. He got a letter this time for sure."

"There wasn't any for him," said Mr. Bufham, in startled incredulity.

"Well, he got one all the same, and we didn't meddle with the United States mail either," laughed the joker, with a significant wink. "We 'spied him when he was 'way across the bridge, you see, and, of course, we knew what he was after, so we had time to get one ready, Jim and me. You just ought to have seen how he grabbed it, and went off spry as a cricket!"

Christy's flashing eyes and flaming cheeks made Mr. Bufham's appreciative laugh die suddenly in a faint gurgle, and turned upon the man a glance of mild reproof.

"That was goin' too fur, Jim, a leetle too fur. Of course no offence wasn't meant, Miss Christy, only a bit of a joke—"

But Christy tarried for no apologies. Poor grandpa! She saw how it all had been; how the doubt awakened by Aunt Martha's words had made the silent waiting intolerable, and he had slipped out to take the long walk, so hard for him now, alone. She could well believe that he had snatched the proffered letter eagerly; it would seem like life to him. And to think it was only a cruel mockery at best!

How could it appear only funny to those men! How dared they call such a thing a joke! Her heart was hot with indignation and pity as she hurried down the street, anxious only to overtake the tired, tottering feet that somewhere along the way were preceding her.

He had passed out of the village and the bridge that spanned the shallow river showed no trace of him. Christy scanned the winding road up the hillside beyond. Surely he could not have passed out of sight, she thought, her uneasiness fast deepening to alarm.

But, as she left the bridge, she espied the figure she ought leaning wearily back against a tree which had concealed him from her view. A log had offered a seat on which to rest while he examined the precious letter. His very attitude told the story of pain and disappointment as Christy drew near. He looked up with pitiful bewilderment in his pale face, and the wrinkled old hands trembled so that they could scarcely hold the paper.

"The letter's come, Christy, but I—I can't seem to know what it means. Don't seem like—like Debby'd write that way—when I've waited so long. Mebbe it's 'cause my eyes is so dim, an' I can't rightly make it out 'thout my 'tother glasses. You read it, Christy."

Christy's eyes were dim also. How could she break the sore old heart with the knowledge that the patient waiting had brought nothing better than disappointment and ridicule? Then a sudden suggestion flashed upon her, and changed in an instant to purpose. She flung the fraudulent epistle from her and dropped down on the grass by the old man's side.

"Let it go, grandpa! I know all about it; and it isn't your letter at all; yours hasn't come. But grandpa, suppose we don't wait for it any longer, but just go together, you and I, to see Aunt Debby?"

For a minute his face grew so radiant that it looked almost young again. Then the brightness died in doubt.

"I don't s'pose we could, Christy. I don't s'pose we could. 'Twould cost a deal, yee see. I don't never have no money, an' John wouldn't think he could spare it."

"I've got it," said Christy, with a determined nod of her brown head. "It's my very own, and we'll go."

"Well, Christine Holmes!" exclaimed Aunt Martha when this new plan reached her ears. "Here you've been savin' your school teachin' money his whole term 'cause you was so crazy to take music lessons this vacation!"

"I'll be young enough to take music lessons for a long time yet, and I can earn more money," answered Christy, bravely. "The trustees want me to teach next year. Grandpa and I want to go on a visit this vacation."

Such a journey as that was! Every mile of the way was a fresh delight, every view of village, woodland or river a joy. The old man, aroused from his long silence, grew pleasantly garrulous, and the crackled, quavering voice rose above the rattle and roar of the train to pour into Christy's ear hitherto untold stories of the old days. And when too weary to talk longer, he leaned back in his seat with a sigh of content, and the words, often repeated: "Most seems as if I was on the way to heaven. Be you enjoyin' it, Christy?"

"Indeed I am," Christy answered, gaily. And she did not know that to her it was a journey out of the careless selfishness and thoughtlessness of girlhood into tender, ministering, noble womanhood.

As for "Debby's," when it was reached at last, it was only a plain Western farm-house, but the old man's fancy glorified it, and it held, moreover, a warmth of welcome that atoned for many deficiencies.

"I didn't know pa felt so about comin'," Debby confided to her niece. "I thought he was that settled at John's that no other place wouldn't seem comfortable—at his time o' life, too. If I'd known he wanted to come, I'd—but then I don't know I ever could have managed it, either," she concluded, abruptly, with a remembrance that "garden truck," though it provided for the family, was but slowly and rarely transmuted into coin.

A homely, hard-worked, middle-aged woman was Debby, but the old father viewed her and all her surroundings through magic glasses; and as he followed her and the children about to look after wonderful broods of chickens or watched her about her work while he sat with baby Mary in his arms, he repeated often in blissful content:

"Seems just like old times to see you flyin' 'round so, Debby; jes like when you was a girl."

Christy counted regretfully the lessening days of vacation, and shrank from eluding his happiness by an any mention of going home. But there was no need. The summons home came by another messenger, and in such guise that it swept away from the aged face the last shadow of earthly pain, and left a smile of perfect peace.

The children, knocking at his door one morning, reported that they "could not waken grandpa." He had journeyed on without Christy, and she went back alone.

"Of course 'twas kind-hearted of you, Christine," said Aunt Martha, as the girl sat in the low doorway the evening after her return, "but you see now," she added, with the calm reproof of superior commonsense, "it wasn't really no use after all. He didn't live but a few weeks after you got him there—not long enough to make a mite of difference where he was. Likely he was fallin' in mind or he wouldn't have been so set to go. He'd been jest as well off here; and you've lost a whole term of music."

Christy, with her eyes wandering away to the stars, made no answer, but deep in the girlish heart was a feeling not easily expressed in words—that those few weeks had put into her life a sweeter music than she had lost.

## Rev. Mr. Cloud's Appointments.

OCTOBER.  
15—St. Louis, 2 P.M., and 3 P.M.  
17—St. Louis, 8 P.M.  
20—Topeka, Kan., 11 A.M., and 2 P.M., Grace Cathedral, 8th and Polk Streets.  
27—St. Louis, 2 P.M., and 3 P.M.  
31—St. Louis, 8 P.M.  
Sunday Services in St. Louis at 3 P.M., during October.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all- beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE deaf of New York lost a good and earnest friend last week. Mr. P. P. Dickinson, who has for many years been identified with the work of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, passed to final reward. He worked with unabating zeal and without ostentation for the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, and as for St. Ann's, he seemed to be the one connecting link—excepting, of course, the ministers of the church—between the hearing and deaf congregations. Besides his work among the adult deaf, he was a Life Member of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. To the writer of these lines, Mr. Dickinson was best known in connection with the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. Being chairman of the Executive Committee, the duty entailed upon him required an intimate knowledge of the details of management of the Home, and this duty he faithfully performed, making frequent visits of inspection and directing improvements. At his palatial home in West 72d Street, the members of the committee held monthly meetings, and incidentally enjoyed the hearty hospitality that was an invariable feature after the transaction of business that required attention. His attentive friendliness to the deaf members of the committee was always marked by an unaffected grace and a gentle geniality. He made them feel that he was in touch with them, and that he derived as much pleasure from their company as he did from the guests who could hear; and never, while his guest, did a deaf-mute experience that oppressive feeling that the host was giving himself trouble in order to be entertaining. About his manner there was none of that superficial politeness that one so often encounters; for he seemed to be, as he really was, dominated by the true nobility that springs from the heart. He will be missed in the councils of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and all the deaf who have known him, or have known of him, will sorrow for the loss of a friend whose sturdy manliness, keen intelligence, wide experience and philanthropic effort, was at all times enlisted in behalf of their class of people.

THE Wisconsin Times has for many years carried at the head of its editorial column the legend "H. Wells, London Correspondent." London must be a very "dead" town, as the Times has chronicled no news from that vicinity in the memory of the oldest "constant reader," and if H. Wells is working on a salary, he has a decided snap. Why not assign him to Philadelphia in order that he can become accustomed to the hustle and bustle of this busy world gradually. After a short season in that hilarious place, he would be sufficiently nerved to stand the excitement of one of the New Jersey suburbs, and then our Wisconsin contemporary will stand a fair chance to get an item or two that may in a measure justify a continuance of the special honor of keeping his name before the trusting public.

# ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Paul E. Bertrand and Miss Mary J. Gilheeny were married in Providence, R. I., on Saturday, September 26th.

The brother of Mr. Robert Hurst, of Irwin, died at his home in Braddock nearly three weeks ago, of typhoid fever.

William S. Abrams, a former pupil of Fanwood, is now setting type on the Indianapolis Patriot-Examiner, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Notley and her brother, of Amsterdam, N. Y., spent a few days with their parents and mute brother, Chas. Notley, on South Centre Street, last week.

Meyer Drasky and his charming wife have moved to a nice house that is near his place of business. His tailoring shop on Ferry Street, Schenectady, is thriving at present.

Wm. A. Watts, of Amsterdam, N. Y., was three days in Schenectady. The work at the Edison Works is very slack. Four hundred hands were laid off in the two weeks.

The *Mentor* is the name of the new paper published at the Northern New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. The *Deaf-Mute Advocate* has been discontinued. The *Mentor* is to be edited by teachers of the school.

Mrs. R. K. Stout and little son, Warren, left on last Wednesday for New Stanton, Pa., accompanied by Mrs. M. C. Siegman, of Nashville, Tenn., where they are recuperating at the rural residence of Mr. James G. Pool.

Court Teacher—What can Your Royal Highness say about gold? (The Prince is silent.)

Court Teacher—That is correct, Your Highness. "Silence is golden."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Miss Evangeline Kelley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kelley, of Brooklyn, who visited her friend in New Haven, Conn., returned home last Monday night. She had a very pleasant time. She is a horsewoman at the Bedford Riding Academy in Brooklyn.

Miss Edith A. Widaman, of Indiana, a niece of Frank Widaman, stopped off in Greensburg for a three days' visit on her way to Washington City, where she is to enter the Washington Seminary for young ladies. Miss Widaman expects to pay Gallaudet College a visit when opportunity is presented. It is understood that she will take a two years' special course of study at the seminary. Her father also visited friends and relatives in Greensburg, and afterwards left for his home in Warsaw last Tuesday. He persuaded Frank to come out West soon.

## HAS IT COME TO THIS?

IN THE SILVER STATES.

Jimmy—I hear that they don't allow any dumb people out West now.

Bimby—Why not?

Jimmy—Because silence is golden.—*Truth*.

## Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

### OCTOBER.

13—3:30 P.M., Grace Church, Watertown.  
15—7:30 P.M., Trinity Church, Utica.  
16—Rome. (No Service.)  
17—7:30 P.M., Oneida.  
20—10:45 A.M., Holy Communion, St. James, Buffalo.  
20—4 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. James, Buffalo.  
24—7:30 P.M., Geneva.  
25—7:30 P.M., Watkins.  
26—Owego.  
27—10:45 A.M., Holy Communion, Christ's Church, Birmingham.  
27—4 P.M., Evening Prayer, Christ's Church, Birmingham.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,  
17 Glenwood Ave.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

### OCTOBER.

13—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Chapel, 38 Chambers St., Boston.  
16—Wednesday at 8 P.M., Lecture at St. Andrew's Hall, Boston.  
20—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Chapel.  
20—2:30 P.M., at the rooms of the Salem Society.  
20—7:30 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.  
27—Portland. (Further Notice.)

EDWIN W. FRISBEE,  
82 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

## Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

### OCTOBER.

12—3 P.M., Michigan City, Lecture on Rome.  
12—7:30 P.M., Michigan City, Service and Sermon.  
13—10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion.  
13—2 P.M., Chicago, Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
14—Fairbairn.  
15—Minneapolis, Attending General Convention.  
16—Minneapolis, Attending General Convention.  
17—Minneapolis, Attending General Convention.  
17—2:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Lecture.  
20—10:30 A.M., Grand Rapids, Holy Communion.  
20—3 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.  
20—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids—Probable.  
21—7:30 P.M., Detroit, Evening Service and Sermon.  
22—8 P.M., Cleveland.  
22—7 P.M., Cleveland, Service and Address.  
23—Evening, Columbus, Lecture if opportunity offers.  
27—9 A.M., Columbus, Service.  
27—11 A.M., Columbus, Holy Communion.  
27—3 P.M., Columbus, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

# PALACE OF SILENCE.

HAPPY HOME FOR 150 CHILDREN WHERE NO SOUND IS HEARD—YET THEY LAUGH, TALK AND PLAY—THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB—TAUGHT TO BECOME USEFUL CITIZENS

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Sept. 29.

There is nothing of which Pittsburgh may be more justly proud than of the fine buildings belonging to its educational institutions. Among them perhaps the most beautiful is located in Edgewood, "The Western Pennsylvania Institution for the deaf dumb." It is a fit place for carrying on the wonderful work that is done there. Aft seems to have vied with nature in making the building as beautiful as its natural surroundings. Fronting on Swissvale Avenue it stands 200 feet back in the grounds, an elegant structure of modified Elizabethan style of architecture. It is built of brick and sandstone and numerous towers and turrets and vine-wreathed porches and projecting windows gives a picturesque to the massive building. The sixteen acres of lawns dotted with trees, shrubs and flowers that lies around it, rival the grounds of many of the city's fairest homes.

The breezes and the leaves playing about the open windows keep up a low conversation in nature's tuneful language, but the lips of the inmates of the dwelling are silent and to them all the world is silence.

There is no sound on earth so dear to the heart as the voices of those we love. From infancy the tones are quickly recognized and even after long years of separation not forgotten. A few hours spent in this home of silence awakens a deep sympathy for those who never hear nature's universal music, to whom the caressing tones of a mother's voice are unknown. Too often in our busy, hurried lives we forget to bestow the pitying tenderness and gentle attention we owe to the unfortunate.

## RECEIVING A WARM WELCOME.

One visit to this place results in a resolution to go again. In the reception room the visitor receives a warm welcome from the superintendent, Mr. Burt, and the portraits of the institution patrons smile a greeting from their places on the wall. Among them is that of Miss Jane Holmes, the friend of the unfortunate whose liberal gifts have founded so many of the charitable organizations of the city.

Beside it is a picture of her no less generous brother. Another is that of the late J. R. McCune, once President of the Union National bank; Joel Kerr, the first friend of the institution, is represented, and over the mantel hangs a recent picture of the Rev. Dr. Brown, one of Pittsburgh's best known and most benevolent men, who was some years ago pastor of the Third United- Presbyterian Church.

Passing into the library one finds that Andrew Carnegie has not confined himself to princely gifts, such as the public libraries of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Braddock.

On the top of a handsome mahogany case appears the familiar name, and all around the room are well-filled cases of beautifully bound volumes. Each year the proceeds of the sum given by the generous benefactor adds several hundred new books to the collection. There are also other libraries in the separate reading rooms of the boys and girls. All the book cases, except the original one given by Mr. Carnegie, were made in the industrial department by the pupils, and the workmanship shows marked skill.

The interior of the building with its spacious rooms and halls finished in dark stained wood work, is perfectly in harmony with the beauty of the exterior. During the last year the chapel walls were frescoed and the ceiling paneled with oak, and there is little wonder that the boys and girls look upon their work with a feeling of pride.

## TAUGHT TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING.

The philanthropy that would care for and teach the deaf-mute and yet leave him in ignorance of any means of earning a livelihood is very short-sighted. With few exceptions they are confronted on leaving school with the problem of earning a living, and a definite knowledge of how to make a horseshoe is then of far more value than as light acquaintance with Greek and Latin roots or philosophy. Often those to whom only a very limited knowledge of language is possible are possessed of considerable mechanical ability. The clear foresight of the men who govern the affairs of the institution has looked well into these conditions and careful attention is given to trades that are open to those so afflicted.

The industrial classes were filled with busy workers, some of whom were engaged in putting a new ceiling on the boiler house.

Plans are now in the hands of the architect for a building to be used as a hospital. It is to be the Jane Holmes Hospital, funds for the purpose having been left by that lady. In the early spring it is expected that the work will be begun, and in the workshops all busy were

busy making furniture for the new building. From the rough walnut, oak, ash, and cherry boards, neat bedsteads, bureaus, washstands, tables and other needed articles were being evolved. The noise of the saw and plane was the only sound that broke the stillness, but the fingers of teacher and pupils carried on a lively interchange of questions and directions.

In another part of the building a number were busy making and repairing shoes. All the work for the school is done here, and unsolicited orders are also taken in, but as the only machinery used is a sewing machine there is little danger of over-production.

## THE MOST INTERESTING OF ALL.

But, perhaps, the most interesting department is the printing room. This trade seems to be especially adapted to the deaf-mute. It gives continual exercise in the correct use of language and can be carried on with little communication during working hours. The sense of sight is quick, and a rapid movement of the fingers is acquired by the constant use of the manual alphabet, so it is quite possible for the deaf-mute to become an expert printer. Ever since the department was organized a paper has been published. It was at first printed on a hand press and called the *Gazette*, but two years ago a large cylinder press was added to the office and the little sheet became a four-column folio, semi-monthly publication, bearing the name of the *Western Pennsylvanian*. The recent issue has an illustrated article on the Pittsburgh Exposition that speaks well for both teacher and pupils. Aside from this work, many school books prepared by the teachers are printed and bound, and from this place also is issued the annual report of the school. Of that of last year, 1,500 copies were printed and bound. Although only three hours of each day may be spent in the industrial work, two of the boys, Samuel Nichols and John Fisher, have become so proficient that they are always in demand in some of the printing establishments in the city during the summer vacation. The excellent work of the printing room is largely due to the able direction of the teacher, H. L. Branson.

Near the boys' building, with a few rods of green lawn between, is the neat little two-story brick house that was built about two years ago for the industrial home of the girls. In appearance and in every arrangement it is like an ordinary dwelling house, and is perfectly equipped for the usual routine of housekeeping. But the bedrooms are so arranged that they are used for hospital purposes in case of an outbreak of a contagious disease.

## TRAINED TO MAKE GOOD WIVES.

Here the girls are instructed in all the branches of housework and fitted for the intelligent care of homes. They are divided into classes containing half a dozen pupils, and each class in turn spends a week at the home, where, under the guidance of Miss Margaret Purdy, they keep house. There is the same routine of cooking, washing, ironing, baking, and cleaning that takes place in every properly cared for home, and the cozy little house with its vines and flowers is a very attractive spot. Some of the girls are becoming excellent housekeepers. One among them is Louisa Mann, who is putting herself through school. As is the case with most of them, she became a deaf-mute through sickness in early childhood, but sight with her has largely taken the place of hearing, for she readily reads from the motion of the lips what is said to her. During summer vacations she stays at the school and works for the means to meet the necessary expenses of the next year. Involuntarily one wishes "God speed" to the brave girl who has set her cheerful courage against such awful difficulties.

All the pretty furniture in the girls' industrial home is the work of the boys, and there are very few pieces of furniture to be found in any of the buildings that did not come from their busy workshop.

In the main building there is a department where all kinds of sewing are taught and very good seamstresses, dressmakers and tailoresses are graduated from it. There also are the school rooms for the 200 pupils. To sit in a class room where all instruction is given and all recitations are made by means of the fingers is an incident of no little interest. The fast-flying fingers make answer as readily as the lips of other pupils, and whispering in school is by no means prohibited by lack of speech. A sight of the bright, eager faces, happy as those of children to whom misfortune is unknown, could not fail to awaken sympathy. A conversation with the teacher carried on by means of a slate and pencil gave an added pleasure to the visit.

## A BRIGHT AND ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER.

Instinctively we feel a deep respect for those who, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, have risen to a standard obtained only by the few, and none would hesitate to give a double portion of

such reverence to B. R. Allabough, for it would be hard to find a brighter or more enthusiastic teacher. A graduate of the Philadelphia Institution and also of the National Gallaudet College at Washington, his scholarship ranks him with the best. For nine years he has been connected with the Pittsburgh institution, and his work has been attended by remarkable results. One of the ways that he takes to keep his pupils in touch with the outside world is to begin the work of the day by talking over the news from the daily papers with them.

One other among the fifteen teachers is also a deaf-mute. It is G. M. Teegarden, who has been connected with school since its organization about twenty years. Between him and the children there is the closest bond of sympathy and understanding.

In another class room articulation was being taught. How this is done is almost beyond comprehension, for no sound can reach the ear of the learner. Slowly and patiently the teacher worked on, showing the exact movement of each organ connected with the voice, and many of the children have learned to speak the words they have never heard. Hardly less wonderful is their quick reading of what is said from the silent motion of the lips. One after another the teacher gave out numbers and the class, watching her lips, wrote them without a mistake. One of the things quickly noted by the observer is the excellence of both writing and composition. It is very doubtful if there could be found in the city another school that could equal it.

The work of the advanced classes under Prof. Linneus Roberts would be something of a surprise to those who know little or nothing about the institution. In spite of the difficulties that bar the way, the store houses of arithmetic, history, science and philosophy have been opened and a number of students are preparing themselves to enter the college at Washington.

The effect of training on this unfortunate class is to some extent realized when one passes into a room full of newcomers. The sight would give a heartache to one long accustomed to such scenes, for some of the little creatures seem more like restless little animals than children. One little fellow, who, having been in the school hardly longer than ten minutes, had been over every fire escape on the building, would almost make one look with favor on Darwin's theory of the origin of man.

Those to whom they are still unknown, are eager to learn the finger alphabet and the sign language that is so much used among deaf-mutes.

## GRANDFATHER TO ALL OF THEM.

One who may often be seen a guest among the children is Dr. Brown. With a kind beaming face the old gentleman passed from room to room, having a caress for one child, a word of encouragement for another and a bright smile for everybody. They all call him grandfather, and during the winter he spent in California he received 150 letters from them, all of which were promptly answered.

Seeing the extent and system of the work, one marvels at the little incident that was the germ from which it sprung. Twenty-seven years ago a little deaf and dumb colored boy was taken to a mission Sabbath school connected with the Third United Presbyterian Church. His brightness and activity awakened the interest of the superintendent, who persuaded Mr. W. R. Drum, a graduate of the Deaf and Dumb School in Philadelphia, to become his teacher. Others were gathered in, and at the suggestion of Mr. John Wilson, chairman of the Central Board of Education, the matter was laid before that body and an appropriation for a school secured. Two years after the little colored boy entered the Sabbath-school the first day school in the United States for the instruction of the deaf and dumb was opened in one of the rooms of the school building on Short Street and put under the care of Mr. Archy Woodside, from the Philadelphia institution.

Some time later a house was rented, but the school had been running only one year when James Kelly, Esq., of Wilkinsburg, gave the ground for the founding of the Western Pennsylvania institution. Until difficulties in the way could be done away with, a large brick building, formerly a hotel, at Turtle Creek, was used for the infant organization, until in September, 1884, the present building was ready for use.

The institution is the result of long years of earnest, unceasing effort, and in its strength and beauty it stands a fitting memorial to men and women whose names are linked with all that is grand and noble in the history of Pittsburgh.

A little more than three-quarters of a century ago the first deaf-mute institution in the United States was established in Hartford, Conn., and now there is hardly a State East or West without one or more such organizations. Washington has its deaf-mute writer; Chicago, has its lawyer; Philadelphia its architect, a graduate of the Pittsburgh school;

and Pittsburgh has its scientist who has been a student under the distinguished Agassiz.

Looking back over the past and seeing that sympathy and help are now given to those who were once left to live their lives in darkness and silence, who will hesitate to believe that the world is growing better and not worse?  
ANNA EYNOTT DOCKING.

## A Friend of Deaf-Mutes.

Mr. P. P. Dickinson, Senior Warden of St. Ann's Church, died, after a lingering illness, on Friday, October 4th. He had an attack of pneumonia last winter, and although he recovered partially and was able to be out, he was obliged again to take to his room, where after a brave struggle with disease, aided by all that medical science and friends could do, he passed away as above.

Mr. Dickinson had been a devout communicant of the church for years. He was a trustee and President of St. Ann's Endowment Society and the Treasurer of the Fund. He had long been a delegate from the parish to the Diocesan Convention. He was a trustee and one of the vice-presidents of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and interested in its extension and work. He was Chairman of the Standing Committee on the management of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, in which he had taken a deep interest and for which he had worked from the start. He was one of the Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, and visited prisoners in the city jails on Sunday afternoons. In all these activities he will be much missed. He was a man of a staunch but simple faith, sympathetic, gentle, kind, forgiving, cheerful, a good husband, father, friend. He was in some respects a typical layman, always ready with help or counsel, never persistent when his views were not sustained, a considerate ally of the clergy, a helpful and encouraging, a genuine comfort to them, ever the same and always to be depended upon. He was a friend of deaf-mutes, by whom his memory deserves to be cherished. The new St. Ann's should have a worthy memorial of him—chancel, tower, chimneys, or something equally worthy.

But if his life had been thus exemplary, his death was in keeping with it. In the early morning, when the city was awakening out of sleep, at his own request, surrounded by the family and two or three friends, conscious, too, that death was now a matter of hours or minutes, he received the Holy Communion, expressed his gratitude for past mercies and kindnesses, said words of affectionate farewell, and gradually, but literally fell asleep.

Our last conversation with him had been upon grace for the dying hour, and a better illustration of meeting death with reverence, trustful composure and firmness is rarely met with. The burial rites were performed at his late home on Sunday, October 6th, at four o'clock, where in the presence of many friends, the impressive office for the dead was said, and the tribute of a few words offered by the writer of this; the interment portion of the service being said at the grave in Woodlawn, on Monday morning. We left his last resting place with genuine sorrow that, in our earthly gatherings, we shall look upon his face no more. May we all die, when die each must, the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his!

In the 43d Anniversary Sermon, of St. Ann's Parish, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist in the morning, appropriate reference was made to Mr. Dickinson's death, and to the circumstance of the burial service occurring on Anniversary Day.

EDWARD H. KRANS.

## Speaking Without Tongues.

Can we speak without a tongue? Prof. Huxley says yes. Persons suffering from cancer frequently lose their tongues and discover that they can not only talk as well as formerly, but also that their sense of taste is not impaired. The letters *d* and *t* are the only ones which, as a rule, those deprived of their tongue find any difficulty in pronouncing properly, and such letters are frequently turned into *f*'s, *p*'s, *v*'s, *th*'s. Many instances are on record of the speaking powers of tongueless persons. In 484 A.D. sixty Christian confessors had their tongues cut out by order of Huneric, but in a short time some of them went out preaching again. Pope Leo III. is said to have suffered similar mutilation and to have regained his speech. Sir John Malcolm tells of one Zal Khan, who had his tongue cut out and who recovered his speech enough to tell the physicians how it happened. Marget Cutting was examined in 1742. She had not vestige of a tongue remaining, and yet "discoursed as fluently and as well as others." The tongue actually appears unnecessary to the development of speech.—*Family Magazine*.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## A Very Young Deaf-Mute Criminal.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZED.

## Brief News Items from Quakerdom.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Among the thirteen criminals who were brought by sheriff Wm. Walter and his Deputy from Luzerne County, Pa., last Wednesday, to the Eastern Penitentiary in this city, the sheriff's party had along with them Peter Cauley, a deaf-mute of fourteen years of age, who was placed in the House of Refuge. He is a very vicious boy, they say, having on one occasion, according to Deputy Cunliffe, attempted to kill his father and mother with a butcher knife. I suggest that if Peter has not been educated, and his temper can be controlled, he should be taken from the House of Refuge to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, where education will make him better than if he remain uneducated among bad companions in the House of Refuge. Hope the officials of the Mt. Airy Institution will attend to it promptly.

Poor little Walter Durian, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Durian, was taken to the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf last Monday. He cried loudly when his parents left him among the "strangers" in the school.

Mr. Chas. Pennell and Miss Laura Taylor have our congratulations upon their coming marriage. The date will be shortly announced.

Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett would like Mr. Alex. Dezerder, of Brooklyn, L. I., to send his address to 1309 Christian Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Salter, *nee* Miss Giddard, from Trenton, N. J., was at the service at All Souls' Church this afternoon, also Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Riverside, N. J.

This afternoon, All Souls' Church services began at two o'clock. The church was nearly filled. The holy communion was observed by over sixty members of the Church. After the service, the Bible classes were organized on a new plan formed by a Committee.

The Sunday School was organized with Rev. Mr. Koehler as a superintendent, Mrs. Syle as Assistant superintendent, Mr. Harry Gunkel as clerk, Mr. Thomas D. Delp as a collector, Mrs. Syle, Miss Katie Keen, and Messrs. O. J. Whildin and W. H. Lipsett as teachers. The members of the Bible Class were divided into four separate classes, and they cast their ballots for teachers. The superintendent will announce the list of class members next Sunday afternoon, on which day the class work will begin for the winter season. We hope that the new system will prove a model plan. The Sunday school has over seventy-five regular members.

At All Souls' Club, President Wm. Henry Lipsett, last Thursday evening, gave an interesting lecture on General Phil. Sheridan.

Messrs. Robt. M. Zeigler, Chas. W. Waterhouse and Yoder, witnessed Actor Clarke in "Hamlet," last Thursday evening, in the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Charlie W. Waterhouse goes every Saturday evening to the Mt. Airy Institution, to be coached under Robt. M. Zeigler, in his preparations for Gallaudet College, which he expects to attend next year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Paul, *nee* Miss Emma Shafer, formerly of Frankford, Pa., arrived here from Boston, Mass., this morning, on a fortnight's visit to their relatives.

Mrs. Belknap has been very sick with fever, but is now all right.

## THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Oct. 7, '95.

## NOTICE.

A "Welcome Home" will be tendered to Rev. Thos. Gallaudet on Thursday evening, October 24th, at 8 o'clock, in the Parish House of the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, 11th Street and Waverly Place. We would like a good attendance on that evening, and trust all will make a special effort to be present.

Refreshment will be served for the small amount of 15 cents.

## DIRECTIONS.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist is situated at 216 218, and 220 West 11th Street, corner of Waverly Place. Cars from all parts of the city run within one block. The blue cross-town cars running from 33rd Street Ferry, via Union Square, to Christopher Street, pass the door. Also the 13th Street Ferry cross-town passes the church running through Waverly Place. Take 6th Avenue Elevated Railroad and get off at 8th Street Station and walk five blocks to the church.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

## OCTOBER.

13—3:00 P.M., Emmanuel Church, Little Falls, Evening Prayer.  
20—3:00 P.M., St. John's Johnstown, Evening Prayer.

H. VAN ALLEN,  
Diocesan Missionary.



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### A Chapter on the College Societies.

### THE O. W. L. S. HAVE FUN.

### Other Notes from Gallaudet College.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)  
The hours of day were passing, rung  
As in the college hall-way hung  
A board which bore, in writing nice  
A parchment with this strange device  
"Amam, Supreme, Beloved, Grand  
Kalef, Exalted, Deggal, Vardonlocha  
Amam Supreme."

In plain English, the *Xi Phi Sigma* held its first meeting, which the bulletin-board announced, in a curious rigamarole, would be "on the last day of the ninth moon at ten past, the first hour of the day." According to traditions immemorial the "Venerable and Beloved Brethren" were addressed in a manner most grand and imposing, and I could only stand and read in awe-struck wonder. But the rolling grandeur of those strange titles still haunts me, and in dreams I see again the mystic seal.

Mr. Sullivan, '96, will be Supreme Amam, Mr. Grimm, '96, Grand Vizier, Mr. Smielan, '97, Grand Kalef. The Fraternity will hold its annual convocation on the eleventh. New members will then be initiated.

The "Lit." held its business meeting Saturday, officers have been elected as follows:

President, Lewis, '96; Vice-President, Smielan, '97; Secretary, Nicholson, '97; Treasurer, Whitlocke, '97; Librarian, Kestner, '97; Critic, Hubbard, '96.

Class of '97 has certainly its share of honors, four officers out of six going their way.

The list of officers was something of a surprise to many, and the election was quite lively. But a little competition will not hurt the "Lit." Honors easily won cease to be honors.

The "Lit." following its custom, has made the entire class of '00 "co-eds" honorary members.

The '00 "co-eds" holds its first formal meeting in Miss Hemphill's room. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Miss Titus, Michigan; Vice-President, B. Taylor, Michigan; Secretary, Miss Hemphill, New York; Treasurer, E. Taylor, Colorado. One of their first official acts was to send a vote of thanks to the "Lit."

Nothing more displays the increasing strength of the "co-eds" than this election of "co-ed" officers. It is the first time the "co-eds" have ever decided that they were numerous enough to have a separate class organization in their introductory year. Usually class organization does not come until beyond the Freshman and even Sophomore years.

The class '99 selected a committee from the class as a whole to decide on class colors and a class flower. By a laughable coincidence the committee had almost selected pink and green, which are the '96 colors. Pink and blue were regrettably chosen, and a pink rose selected as class flower. The pink rose is the class flower of '96, so the committee will probably meet again.

The '99 class colors and flower already have come into prominence, thanks to the "cane-rush" which took place Saturday. '99 are jubilant over their victory, and '98 will hold their peace when they see the Freshy and his cane sauntering over the Green. The Seniors and Juniors held a meeting Saturday evening, and officially decided that the Freshmen were in the right and may henceforth carry canes of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions according to their own sweet wills. The '99 "co-eds" hastened to express their congratulations in a great bouquet of pink roses. Sunday morning pink roses and knots of blue and pink brightened chapel. The '99 "co-eds" each have a fragment of a splintered cane as mementoes of the battle-royal.

It is curious how Gallaudet College can so cling to this relic of barbarism, the "cane-rush." Still the sight of fourteen Freshies parading in twos swinging new and ungranted canes was a sight to stir the Sophomore ire—I suppose.

But a cane's a cane, and won't some one please tell me why noses should bleed, and cane-tails be torn off because of a cane?

Tuesday the Kendall Athletic Association met under its new name of Gallaudet College Athletic Association, a change long discussed and more appropriate.

Prof. Fay grew quite enthusiastic over golf at Nantuxet and his enthusiasm has taken ready hold on the Green. Golf-larks have been laid out, and the little white flags float over the "garlie-grounds" and the fields back of the college. Kendall Green makes an ideal place for golf players, the rolling ground, the little hillocks, the

rough places are all so placed as to add just the amount of handicap necessary to make the game highly interesting. Any day one may see the Professors passing an hour at golf, and reports say Mrs. Fay plays quite skilfully. The new golf clubs make a pretty sight flashing in the sun as they send the ball bounding with telling strokes over the "putting-ground."

Miss Thompson, '95, is now teacher in the Florida School for the Deaf at St. Augustine.

Miss Greener, the lady Normal Student, fills Miss Pope's place in the Kendall School, now that Miss Pope teaches in Philadelphia.

Last week Washington had enough attractions to have lasted a small town a year. J. J. Corbett, the pugilist, Buffalo Bill, Lillian Russell, and Liberty Bell, are a sample of what one may see here in a week. Liberty Bell was received quite elaborately, and many of us went to see it.

The "Ducks" are indefatigable sight-seers, but they will find 'twill take a long time to see all of Washington.

Mr. Denison has charge of the Normal department.

Mr. Banerji, the Hindoo Normal Student, dined with Prof. A. Graham Bell Saturday evening.

Miss Mickle, ex-'97, has suffered a sad loss in the death of her father from paralysis. The marriage of Miss Mickle to Mr. Howard, '95, is announced to take place shortly.

Messrs. Bath, '99, Terry, '00, and Stutsman, '99, have joined the art class.

Many odd things come up in the Senior Psychological class. For instance in the interests of Psychology, a Leipsic professor has examined twenty thousand human brains to localize the so-called "functions of the brain." One day last week a queer proof of deceptive eyesight was made. A long ruler was placed on the table, one end projecting beyond the table's edge; on this end a quarter was placed. Each member of the class was required to walk across the room with one eye held shut and one arm uplifted, and to stop near enough to the table to drop the raised arm and strike off the coin with the index finger. It all looked exceedingly simple, but not one of the Seniors calculated the distance right, always missing the coin.

The Owls Reading Room has sent in an order amounting to about \$40.

George Gordon has entered Columbian University.

Tennis helps pass away the time. The corner stone of the Boys' Dormitory has been handsomely chiseled with "1895," by a skilled workman.

Saturday was a day of Purgatory to the Owls. Isn't it hard to keep a secret? But isn't it hard to keep secrets? The initiation of the "Ducks" was a thing of glory. "Some one" said it was to partake of the nature of hazing. The "co-eds" most decidedly ought to be in advance of such "relics of barbarism." We like fun—what college girl doesn't?—and these annual initiation ceremonies are a quadruple essence of sweet fun. So the "Ducks" are now transformed into "Owls." The scene of this transformation took place in two great rooms where the "Ducks" had never been, but I doubt if they could tell where the rooms are, or how they got there. I think I would best change the subject, for my pen might slip and reveal some weighty secret. But I wish you had been there. Just come and join the Owls.

Miss Greener is the first outside of college to be initiated. No partiality was shown, however.

The professors are getting into difficulties with the '00 class in the matter of names and faces. It was quite funny to hear Prof. Hotchkiss explaining what a jumble of names his mind was in sometimes.

When it comes to writing about foot-ball, I feel like laying down my pen and corking up the ink-bottle in despair. I'd just like to know if there is anything a girl does know about foot-ball. If there is, you may be sure I shall let you know, too.

The second eleven seems to be rather unlucky. Just now it is not in good form, so that team practice was omitted during part of last week. The signal practice was not discontinued, and training was kept up as much as possible. Eickhoff hurt his ankle, and has been hobbling bravely around on crutches. Several others are laid up for repairs also. All for the glory of foot-ball. Saturday there was to have been a game with the Baltimore High School, but events prevented its coming off. It is quite certain now that Georgetown University has tabooed football, though there was some talk to the contrary. By the way, wouldn't it be a calamity if our faculty decided that no conditioned student can be on the team as in the big colleges.

Rheumatism, stiff necks and toothaches, are going the rounds, and the steam was turned on for the first time.

The new book-cases have arrived, each room now possessing one of the handsome little oak-shelves.

No matter how dull or tiresome a day may have been, the "co-eds"

are always ready for the frolic in that half-hour after supper, "waiting for the mail." They have formed a "half-hour" club. Some nights it is dancing. The library is cleared and an appreciative audience watches light heels trip over the polished floor. Again the doors are shut tight, and a pantomime of college life is gone through with. Some of the "co-eds" are richly gifted mimics, and a gesture, a look, a gait, is copied to perfection. So if sharp eyes look you over, you may be sure the "half-hour" club will guess your name some night soon.

Our Sunday School is fully organized, and held its first session last Sunday. Mr. Kiesel lectured Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Homstreet, '00, of Iowa, is improving under the excellent care he is receiving.

The persimmons are beginning to blush. Do you want some now? Or do you prefer to wait? By sad experience, I prefer to wait.

LAURA MCDILL.

### Wedded Half a Century.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Edmonston was observed last Saturday evening at their home, No. 20 William Street. Upon that occasion there was a pleasant social gathering of some of the friends of the aged couple, who congratulated them and brought a number of gifts. A delegation from Kingston Lodge No. 10, E. and A., were in attendance, and presented Mr. Edmonston with a golden casket containing many five-dollar gold pieces. To Mrs. Edmonston the visitors from Kingston gave a beautiful mirror of Louis XIV. style. Mr. Edmonston is an old Master Mason and takes great pride in his standing in that order. The visitors from Kingston included Dr. Hyman Roosa, H. Gould Smith, C. N. De Witt and Samuel Seudder. They returned home yesterday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Edmonston are the parents of Thomas H. Edmonston of Kingston and Charles D. Edmonston, printer, of this city. The aged couple are the parents of three deaf-mute children—Peter W., Charles D. and Sarah S. Edmonston. They were all present, also Peter's wife Julia.—*Newburgh Daily News*, Sept. 30, 1895.

### AN OPEN LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It has just come to my notice that in your issue of June 6th last, one of your writers, "A Quad," in his column, "Looking Backward," takes the "Plain Man" to task, making sure that the plain man's real name is published. I regret such action very much, and wish Mr. Quad would please understand that I wrote the item he criticised under the pen name above, and as the "Plain Man" wished to be known. This abusing of a correspondent's courtesy was altogether wrong and improper.

I acknowledge being the author, indirectly, of the item to the effect that "the High Class at Fanwood had been discontinued," from which has sprung such wide and wild comment, and which has tended to show the intellectual advancement at Fanwood as on the down grade.

I desire to be clearly understood in this matter as reflecting no discredit upon the New York Institution. Had I added that an Academic Class was substituted, all would have been well. A correspondent's path is not one to be envied, and I think the omission might have been overlooked by a few lynx-eyed critics.

As it is, there is some justice in saying the High Class had been discontinued, for was not this class the one that received all and every benefit of the "long-term diploma racket"?—the one that had certain privileges that do not now exist? Since it is known that the "long-term diploma racket" has been abolished, isn't it just as well to say that the High Class has been abolished and the Academic Class substituted?

It is still remembered that in my New York letter to the *Silent Worker* for September, 1894, I made some remarks regarding the unfairness of the "long-term diploma racket," and I, for one, am glad of its discontinuance.

Therefore, in the light of these events, it is somewhat unreasonable to claim that I penned the item with malicious intent, and trust this will put me in a better light before your readers and those concerned in the controversy. I am Very respectfully yours,

ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY—AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 13TH.

St. Ann's in Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, 3:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Gallaudet Home, 11 A.M. Holy Communion, and 3:30 P.M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3 P.M.

## NEW YORK.

### The Quad Club to Have a Grand Ball.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22d, THE DATE.

LeClercq-Schrieber Nuptials—Two Weddings for November—Frank A. Stryker's Misfortune—The Brooklyn Society Disbands.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lonsbury's address is 999 Third Avenue, New York City.

The outlook for a bustling social season has been somewhat gloomy up to recently, but now the clouds have rolled away, and the entertainments are being announced. The latest, and which will prove the event of the season, is a grand ball to be held by the Quad Club, the arrangements of which it would seem were perfected in a day. At the September meeting—Messrs. O'Brien, Fox and Souwaine were chosen a committee to look up a suitable hall and get their open dates. Saturday the committee submitted the names of three halls to the Club, and it was voted to secure the Lexington Opera House, the same hall they had last year, and the arrangements of the place of which so pleased those present. Messrs. Jones, Tyler and W. W. Thomas, were appointed a committee to make the arrangements, and Monday the hall was engaged for the evening of Wednesday, January 22d. Now prepare for a good time, for this may be the only ball of the season, unless the Union League comes into the field, but it is said this will be an off year with them.

Among other business of the evening, was the appointing of Messrs. O'Brien, Heyman and Jones, a committee to look up new quarters for the club in case there shall be no combination with the Union League, for it is understood the latter themselves have no regular meeting place. The Quad Club's lease expires October 31st, and a renewal of the lease is not at all likely. A special meeting will be held on Saturday, October 19th, when reports will be heard from the "conference committee" and the "subcommittee on house hunting."

Axel L-j-u-n-g-q-u-i-s-t, whose name the secretary had difficulty in spelling at every roll call, sent in his resignation, which was accepted.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, was elected a non-resident member. He makes such frequent trips to this city, that he wants to associate with the boys of nights when in town, and so conceived this excellent idea. He makes the third non-resident member the club has, the other two being Messrs. Pach and Porter. There are 51 active members.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain preached at St. John's Sunday, and surprised those present by announcing that Mr. Charles J. LeClercq and Miss Lou Schrieber were married by him Wednesday, Oct. 2d, at the residence of the bride's parents in West 147th Street. Mr. LeClercq and Miss Schrieber, so their friends say, had been engaged for some time, although the date of their wedding had been carefully guarded.

Those who were at the Quad Club's ball last year will remember that Miss Schrieber led in the grand march with Mr. LeClercq. She is a hearing lady, and one whose charms ought to capture any man deserving of her hand. The best wishes of their friends go with them for a happy and prosperous voyage upon the matrimonial sea.

The Manhattan Literary Association met at Theo. A. Froehlich's house last week, to consider the advisability of renting a meeting place. As no formal offer had been made to them for the gratuitous use of the vestry room of St. John's Church, they do not think of asking for it, and in the meantime are looking up suitable quarters.

Mr. Pomeroy P. Dickinson, a warden of St. Ann's Church, and a close friend of Dr. Gallaudet, died last week, the funeral taking place Sunday. Mr. I. N. Soper was in attendance, he having seen the notice of his death in time to be there.

Mr. W. G. Jones will give a reading in the vestry room of St. John's church on the evening of November 14th. A small admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to go to the Gallaudet Home.

The Brooklyn Society met at Mr. Henry Juhring's house last Saturday and decided to disband. Fifty dollars was taken from their treasury and donated to the Gallaudet Home, and a balance of \$14 is retained to defray legitimate expenses. So this is the last of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Society. Unless the Alliance club "take a move on" Brooklyn, the second largest city of the State will be without any deaf-mute society, save for the Guild.

Mr. Henry Samuels, of Newark, N. J., was some time ago run down by a horse and wagon, the horse's hoofs injuring him to such an extent that he will be confined to the house for some time.

Rumor has it that Mr. Max Miller and Miss Clara Davis are to be married some time next month.

Miss Sarah Rosenberg is to be married next month, but the name of the prospective groom cannot be learned at this writing.

Frank A. Stryker has lost his job on the *Florists' Exchange*. When he was taken sick some time ago he failed to so notify his employers, and when he got well and returned to his case, was told his place had been filled. Frank had been there for four years and made out a good string every week, sometimes getting as high as \$30. It is doubtful if he will get another position as good as that, but it is to be hoped that he may yet get back to his old place.

The *Silent Worker* seems to improve with each issue. It affords great pleasure to have it again come to our desk after the summer vacation. Its various features are maintained and its typographical work up to the standard.

The Xavier Young Men's Union has opened for the season's business with President Thomas Grogan still at the helm. They have new accommodations, and are well pleased with their general affairs.

I notice the *Register*, like the *JOURNAL*, when it first adopts a style, sticks to it. The *Register* of to-day looks like the *Register* of three years ago, when it enlarged to its present size. While there are improvements in other lines, the paper remains so one knows it at a glance. This is a policy followed by the oldest established newspapers, the *Herald*, *Tribune* and *Sun*, for instance. You could distinguish them a block off.

A. L. Pach, of Easton, will spend Sunday in Rome, N. Y., the guest of Prof. F. L. Selinay.

I am in receipt of a letter from a M. R. Levenson, M.D., Secretary Anti-Vaccination Society of America, inviting me to enroll myself a member of that body. Says he: "We need all the help we can get, for we are fighting a greedy and cruel monster fed upon public plunder to poison the blood of the people." I wonder if anything will be accomplished from the fight against vaccination taken up by the *Newburgh Daily News*.

Now let those little guns who said they knew "Said Pshaw" and knew she was a female come forward and tell what they didn't know. And let those (including A. L. P.) who blurt out "I told you so," keep quiet for a while, as there is going to be too many of them.

I understand "Said Pshaw" put us cors. on the free list, and he got a great big ad. for himself and the paper. Now our names have been removed from said list, and just wait the sinking into "innocuous desuetude" of the *California News*, that came into fame at a bound.

TED.

### Not Anxious to "Corner the Talent."

DEAR JOURNAL:—There appeared in the New York column in this paper last week an account of the meeting for the discussion of starting a press club, and "Ted" makes me to say that I was "anxious for organization." This is untrue, although my first thought was to permit it to pass as an eccentricity of journalism unnoticed. But that statement was taken in a different light by my friends, who, somehow, were impressed that I was the originator of the idea and then failed in the end, eventually making of myself a laughing-stock. As a matter of fact, this idea never at any time took favor with me, except that it was a good thing in one way, viz.: to control prices and to "corner the talent." Even this is also impracticable, for who knows but one or more would appear as "scabs." I was opposed to the idea, and said so to several gentlemen present ("A Quad" and "M. Tigg" will bear me out), and permit me to say that I am unable to discover the motives that led "Ted" to make such a misleading statement as the one in question. If he says, as he probably will, that it was only a joke, be it as it may, but the readers don't and won't take it as such.

Fraternally,  
"GIDDY GUSHER."

ROCHESTER NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood have a bright young grandson, George Evelyn Kingsley.

Mrs. E. P. Wood, daughter, Mrs. H. R. Kingsley and grandson George, visited Miss Ruth Bowen, at Churchville.

Mrs. E. P. Wood and daughter visited Syracuse a short time ago, but on account of the weather could not call on their many friends.

Mrs. Wood had a very pleasant call on Miss Avery and Mrs. Chandler. Mrs. Wood hopes to visit Syracuse again soon, and will then visit her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and Miss Miller took tea and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood last week.

Gossip.

## COLUMBUS.

### A Death at the Ohio Institution.

PRIVILEGED PUPILS SEE THE FIREWORKS.

### A Mischievous Pug--Random Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A few minutes before chapel services last Sunday, the Angel of Death entered the institution and bore away to realms above the spirit of Annie Lowery, a pupil of the second Primary class. She had returned to school with other pupils on opening day, and even on the way, showed signs that disease had hold of her; for she had lost all appetite, and in no way showed a disposition to be gay with those of her companions on the train. A day or two after arriving here, the hospital claimed her, and it soon was developed that typhoid fever had a hold upon her system. Her mother was sent for, and everything done by her and the attendants to ward off death, but without avail. Her father had been down with the disease and was just convalescing when she left home for school.

Monday morning, a pearly white casket, in which reposed the remains, was placed in the B center hall, and her late schoolmates, with the institution officers, took a last look at the deceased. The features were peaceful as if in only a sweet repose amid a bed of roses which literally covered the casket. The remains were shipped to her late home, Toronto, Ohio, where the next day the funeral services were held, and all that was moral consigned to other earth.

Saturday was a big day for Columbus. It was the opening of the Democratic campaign, and such a crowd and such a parade has probably never been witnessed here before. The illuminations at night from red fire, sky-rockets, Japanese lanterns and Roman candles, were just brilliant. And then the music, there were over forty musical bands in the procession—what a rich treat the deaf must have lost. The beating of the drums gave forth to them the only notes of musical strains. There were from seven to ten thousand men in line, some handsomely uniformed, and it took over an hour to pass a given point. A feature was a real live camel heading the procession and by its side a man in the mask of a rooster, flapping great wings now and then. There were Indians too, to lend variety to the scene. It was impossible almost to pass the sidewalks of the streets where the parade passed, so great was the crowd—estimated from fifty to seventy-five thousand. The larger pupils were permitted by Superintendent Jones to be out later than usual Saturday night, in order that they might view the affair. Mrs. Zell kindly accompanied the High Class girls to give them an opportunity to view the sight.

The mute children who attend the public schools in Cincinnati, have been so annoyed by the other pupils that special quarters will be secured for them.

The above is going the rounds of the press of the State. We suppose it refers to the Oral School in that city, as the combined or sign school has not been heard of for these many years. Why not abolish the school altogether, and send the pupils to the institution here. There is plenty of room for them, and they can be given as good, yea, better instruction and under more favorable circumstances than they are now receiving. And no body here will think of annoying them.

Ex-Superintendent Knott who is a candidate on the Democratic ticket for State Auditor was in the city Saturday and met some of his old pupils. Mr. Stutz, formerly attendant and clerk to Superintendent Knott, was also down and did his best, as a member of the Upper Sandusky band, in piping "The camels are coming."

Met Newton Beatty, of Bellaire, an iron mill worker, at the institution Saturday afternoon, also Miss Lizzie Wells, of Corning. She took advantage of cheap excursion rates to visit old friends at the school. She is a dressmaker, and reports having had a rush of work which prevented her from attending the late reunion.

The attendance has reached 347. The girls we still in the majority, leading the boys by three.

Miss Crosby, a graduate of the Michigan school who took art lessons in the Columbus Art school last year, has returned to resume them. She is now making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Black, corner 17th and Gay streets.

One of the lady teachers is the owner of a much-prized pug dog. The other day he played a nice trick on her, whether by accident or intentional we know not, as we have not mastered the secret of dog language. Upon leaving the house

in the morning to attend to her school duties, she left the dog in the room and locked the door. There is a bolt on the inside of the door. Probably in standing on his hind legs and scratching on the door he accidentally pushed the bolt forward and thus fastened the door on the inside. When the lady reached home after dinner she tried in vain to open the door. The lock worked allright but the door was fastened on the inside. Fear of a burglar inside bewildered her. A neighbor was called, a ladder secured and run up to one of the windows, and ingress made through it. The cause was then discovered. It is safe to say she will hereafter see that the bolt is left in such a manner that her pet cannot push it forward.

\$87.50 is the amount brought in for the Home by pupils the past week. Of this, Rollo Shaw brought \$400 and Frank Kloitz \$18.10, the rest by two others. A. B. G. Oct. 6, '95.

Newburgh, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Morgan, accompanied by their daughter, Miss E. Belle Brown, have been visiting for a few days in Buffalo and vicinity, and saw the play of "Irish Barry" at the Star Theatre. They spent two days at Niagara Falls. Miss Brown, on her way home on the train, had the pleasure of meeting Misses Gray and Norton from Binghamton, who were on their way to school at Fanwood, and from the depot at Hancock, N. Y., Miss Barrager, with her sister, appeared upon the scene, and made the time pass away pleasantly.

While Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Thomas were visiting relatives in Catskill with their cute little daughter Dorothy, they did not forget to call on their mute friends in Albany, among them Mrs. Fuller and Miss DeWilleger. On their way home to Newark, they stopped at Newburgh, and were the guests of Mrs. E. M. Wygant, nee Hamilton, at her pretty residence on the Heights for two days. They called to see Mrs. John Dobbs, and visited the historic house where George Washington lived.

Mrs. E. M. Wygant had the pleasure of visiting at Lake Mohonek with a party of speaking friends.

Miss Mary Cheek, of Carry, Maine, in a letter to Mrs. Dobbs, said that the residence of the Luces, whom she lives with, was one night burned to the ground, and they barely escaped with their lives. Nothing was saved.

Mr. Caton, of Highland, was in this city on several occasions. He spoke highly of the cordial welcome he received from Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, in Albany, and of the Heights in Goshen.

Miss E. Kelly, of Brooklyn, during her visit in this city, must have made many friends among the deaf-mutes.

MISS SLY.

### HALF A CENTURY WED.

The following verses were written by Mrs. John Garrison, of New York, in honor of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Edmonston, and were read by her at the anniversary exercises on Saturday night last:

Good cheer, dear friends, what means this happy meeting,  
To celebrate a day, long since ago,  
Why are our faces all alight, aglow?  
With lighted word on lip, hands clasped in greeting,  
Which do but faintly our good feeling show.

We now are meet at this auspicious season,  
To celebrate a day, long since ago,  
A wedding day, so let us then with reason,  
Freight it with melody, with mirth and song.

Fifty years ago this pair were married,  
Of life's great struggles they have borne  
Oft stood by open grave, by sick-bed tarried,  
Seen loved ones wedded; been in joy—  
Despair.

Fifty long years, this is their wedding golden,  
Fifty long years, how much of joy and  
Fifty long years, how much of change be-  
holden,  
Fifty long years—have they been lived in love?

The love of faithful hearts this life enhances,  
And makes this earth like unto Heaven  
above,  
So children's children now like olive  
branches,  
Spring up to verify this feast of love.

A golden wedding, these dear hearts united  
Decades ago, are still with love adame,  
May their remaining years of life be lighted  
With thy dear love, O God! in Jesus  
name.

Oh, Thou who didst the wedding feast  
attending,  
In Galilee, give added joy and grace,  
Be with us here, and let our love ascending  
Like incense, and Thy blessing fill this  
place.

Take Thou the hand of each dear weary  
pilgrim,  
And lead them safely through the waning  
years  
Of life to come, these hearts, Oh wilt Thou  
with loving faith and trust, nor doubts  
nor fears.

Dear sons and daughters, soothe thou the de-  
ploring,  
Years left them, as they journey to the  
tomb;  
Let deeds and words of love their path  
Scatter their shadows and dispel their  
gloom.

And may thou meet in time beyond the  
river  
Where sighs and tears and partings are  
unknown,  
One glorious "golden wedding," be it ever,  
The voice of Jesus say to each "Well  
done."



## FANWOOD.

"Defender II" Beaten on  
Lake Champlain.

## THE MORNING GLORY CUP

The News of the Week Briefly  
Chronicle.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Everybody knows that the "Defender" was declared the winner in the recent international yacht races between "Valkyrie III," but only a few are aware of the existence of a 21-ft. rater on Lake Champlain near Essex, N. Y., named "Defender II," which was beaten on the same day of the first race of the international contest—September 7th. The secret leaked out the other day, so I am now able to tell how this feat was accomplished.

It is a well known fact that, during international contests for the American cup, yachting takes a big jump, the duds and his girl suddenly come forth in yachting attire—complete, except the yacht, of course, but this has nothing to do with the secret that was unfolded to me. Principal Currier owns the 21-ft. yacht "Ariel," and on the day of the first international contest between the "Defender" and "Valkyrie III," Mrs. Currier, wife of the Principal, raced the "Ariel" against "Defender II" on Lake Champlain and won. Nothing was thought about the matter, except the mention of it to friends as an event of her summer vacation, but last week she was surprised to receive a package by mail, which proved to be a cup, sent by the owner of "Defender II." This cup is named "Morning Glory," and is a daisy of a cup. It can be challenged for. The deed of gift is that yachts challenging for it must be 21 feet in length, and the race must be sailed in the summer of 1896, on Lake Champlain, near Essex, N. Y.

Many Fanwood graduates will no doubt remember Mr. William H. Van Tassel when he was a little boy and the many pranks they played together at the Mansion House, and again at Tarrytown, N. Y., when Fanwood had its Primary Department there. He was then little Willie, now he has grown to be a man, and holds the important positions of clerk and chief usher of the boys. On Sunday, October 6th, he celebrated his 24th birthday. The number of presents he received from adopted relatives and friends was very flattering to him and if good wishes go for anything, then his future career ought to be very successful indeed. On Saturday evening he attended one of the numerous downtown theatres in company with a friend, and when he returned he discovered that some one had entered his room, not to take anything, but to put the presents there.

Messrs. Hodgson and Fox witnessed the international championship contest between Cambridge and Yale Universities at Manhattan Field Saturday last. There was also among the vast crowd a few deaf-mutes from the city. On the 155th Street Viaduct could be seen many boys in grey. Methinks they were Fanwood boys. The games were interesting, but not to the Cambridge students, who only captured three out of eleven events. 'Twas too hot two weeks ago when the New York Athletic Club won eleven straight events from the London athletes, and too chilly last Saturday, but only to the Englishmen.

The United Y. M. C. A. Football eleven went over to Brooklyn on Saturday to try to beat the famous Crescent team at foot ball, but their united strength did not amount to much, as the Crescents simply toyed with the Christians. The score was 28 to 4. Physical Director Cook, who played on the Y. M. C. A. team, came pretty near playing his last game. He came in collision with one of the Crescents' heavy weights. For a few moments he lay on the field senseless, then he got up and resumed play.

The candidates for the football eleven began training last week. Mr. Herman F. Lamm has been elected Captain. Several dates have been booked. Although several good players have left, the prospect for a good eleven is very satisfactory. The first game will probably be played next Saturday. Mr. Thomas F. Fox will manage the team, and Mr. Cook, the Physical Director, will see that they are properly trained.

The Washington Heights Field Club and Albion Football team, two rival organizations of Washington Heights, played a game of football on the Fanwood's grounds last Saturday afternoon, before quite a number of spectators, friends of both teams. Mr. Arthur Izquierdo played on the Washington Heights Field Club, and his side won by 6 to 0.

Laying a Lawn Tennis Court is not an easy task. It took Misses

Caparn and Unkart Wednesday and Thursday afternoons to do it. On Friday a game was played between Mr. Romeo Wilcox and Miss Edith R. C. Caparn on one side, and Messrs. Samuel Cox and Curtis Wilcox, Jr., on the other, and was won by the latter.

Mr. Frank Avena, who graduated from the Academic Class last June, has secured employment with L. Manne & Co., Fulton Street, Brooklyn, but expects to enter upon special art studies soon. He was here on Tuesday afternoon and played football on the second eleven, and made the first eleven hustle to score.

Notice was recently sent to the parents, guardians and friends of the pupils, that hereafter the pupils will be allowed to spend the first Sunday of each month at home. Leave of absence will be given on the Friday preceding that Sunday.

Mr. Armando Izquierdo, brother of Mr. Arthur Izquierdo, died at his home in Caracas, Venezuela, South America. As a sign of mourning Arthur wears a satin band over his left sleeve, a custom of South America.

At last work has been started towards rebuilding the Trade School building. Work was begun last Tuesday. It is to be erected on the same site as the old building that was destroyed by fire last April.

Miss Sarah Tallman was a visitor on Thursday. Of late she has been travelling. She does not know when she will settle down, as she prefers to travel than to remain at one particular place.

A bicycle club will probably be organized before long at Fanwood. There are already six or seven who own wheels, and the number will soon be increased by several more.

On Wednesday last, Prof. Hill's home was entered. The new arrival, like the first two, is a boy, weighing ten pounds. Congratulations.

The third Sunday of each month has been set apart for receiving visits from parents, guardians or relatives of the pupils. On other Sundays, visits will not be allowed.

Miss Helen C. Vail spent Sunday at Murray Hill, N. J.

A. QUAD.

## PLAIN TALKS.

BY THE PLAIN MAN.

One by one the papers published at schools for the deaf come to notice after a few months suspension of publication, and life again seems like worth living. The year through stand bys, three in number, though regular in publication, seemed like angels' visits. I must first acknowledge the receipt of the *Mt. Airy World*. Typographically it is very neat in its new dress, and has changed its form from a four-page to an eight-page magazine size, containing about the same amount of reading matter as was in the former size.

From the above it appears I receive the *Register*. The fact is I do not. Why the paper is sent to other writers of the deaf press to the exclusion of myself, it appears funny. Or is it for personal reasons? I know of having naught against this interesting paper from the Rome School.

The study of human nature is very interesting when the student has and forms a good insight by careful observation. It's very funny at times also. Some who know nothing of newspaper work, the deaf in particular—those who are gifted with an understanding, seek to criticize certain writers as having men's heads on boys' shoulders, and vice versa. I don't object to the talk, so long as these very writers have gained reputation and merit enough to mould public opinion in deaf-mute affairs in the great metropolises of the nation, but it does sound sensible to ask these "growlers" to enter into the swim themselves, and prove "where pens do prove."

When a ball club of deaf-mutes in Gotham bids for patronage through advertising, and then forces upon these interested friends what they call base ball, but which is really anything but that, it is remarkable that the team, from the manager down, is not ashamed to acknowledge the weakness. If ball really deserves to be played for an admission fee, such ball should be meritorious. It's no fault of the spectators if the best players don't show up or if the weakened team plays ball a la "Charley Hoss." The spectators naturally resent such treatment. They pay to see and should see a good game of ball. I criticized this team of deaf-mute baseballists last summer, not in my own interest, but for the spectators. I gave credit where credit was due, and uttered sympathy for the many drawbacks that were unavoidable. Then it was humorous to meet the manager and see him squirm. I obtained entrance on my card, but this did not hold that I was to write up a summary of the games played all summer up to the time of that game; nor that I was to state the youthful age of the pitcher; that D— made the longest hit to

short center field and was caught out; that J— had as many curves as a circle; or that G— batted with a cracked red bat and "was thrown out at first." Yet this is exactly what the manager expected of me, and then to call names not found in "Webster's Unabridged" does not hurt me, but his club. All spectators concur with my report of the game as published in the *JOURNAL*, as being truthful, and certainly the X— did not "get it in the neck," as intimated by the manager.

In our papers we see the traces of friendly and unfriendly spirit. In a few familiar instances we think we discover the reason why certain people have been drawn together in bonds of friendly intimacy and why others have been driven apart with repellent force. Certainly there must be "congeniality to make friendship possible," and "uncongeniality in many former to make friendship impossible." But why should the deaf be given in a large degree to the latter influence? We should welcome those influences which lift us to a higher sphere of intelligence, which give us a loftier standard of virtue, which gladden our hearts and bestir our enthusiasm. They not only benefit ourselves, but the entire community of the deaf in which we dwell.

As I glance over the many papers for the deaf that it is my pleasure to peruse, varied are the characteristics of human nature. We see where certain of the deaf confide in each other, and as the days roll on, they say hard things of one another on some little rumor or pretext. And is this what we call "sociability of the deaf"? It is not to be wondered at, then, when the higher educated deaf man drifts apart from brothers who are given up to such petty gossip. And it must be acknowledged that if the run of intelligence, in matters sociable is so weak, those growlers who howl that the higher and refined deaf man proud and presumptuous in his manners toward them, have only themselves to blame.

I am in receipt of the *Companion* published at the school in Faribault, Minn. I am glad to see Editor Smith at the helm again. The policy of the paper is the same. It entered its 21st year on Sept. 22d last, and is neatly printed. The editor will please accept my thanks.

All hats off to Mr. Frederick E. Owen, of San Francisco, Cal. That the identity of "Said Pshaw" had been shielded for so long a time deserves mention in itself. Mr. Owen is a printer par excellence and in venturing out into the intricacies of "ad. smith," he carries with him the hopes for success from many of the editors and writers of the deaf press. "Said Pshaw" will be missed and the humorous side of things occurring in the "l. p. f." year await a successor.

And by the way, the calling Mr. Owen's following is a possibility for the intelligent deaf to follow. All large business firms advertise. Competition in this line is intense. A wide-awake deaf-mute can, if he possess the capabilities of writing interesting and attractive advertisements for a large firm, become comfortably well off in a few years. Those who are possessed of the idea that the work is a "snap," are the ones who will fail and fall by the roadside in the mad rush.

## Do Women Know.

That it saves time and labor to have a broom, brush and dustpan for every floor in the house.

That the French method of testing the heat of an over is a very simple one. It is done with a piece of white paper. If the oven is too hot the paper will blacken or blaze up; if it becomes a light brown it is right for pastry; if it turns a dark yellow, it is of the proper temperature for baking bread and the heavier kinds of cake; and, if light yellow, it is just fit for sponge cake and the lighter desserts.

That in cases of illness, when the burning thirst of the patient can not be assuaged by water or cracked ice, it is said that a teaspoonful of glycerine will afford prompt and comparatively long relief.

That one of the best remedies for toothache is the common compound tincture of benzoin, sold everywhere in the drug stores. If a few drops are placed on cotton and put in or around the tooth the pain will be almost instantly stopped.

That pie crust may be prevented from soaking by glazing the under crust with beaten egg, and in fruit pies by strewing sugar on the under crust before putting in the fruit.

That lead pencil marks may be removed from wall paper by rubbing with bread crumbs.

That perspiration stains may be removed from the arms of white woolen or silk dresses by sponging with warm water into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water. Press the place before it becomes dry.

That powdered French chalk is recommended for cleaning light Summer woolsens. It is very inexpensive, and may, therefore, be used very liberally. Cover the soiled parts thickly with the chalk, let it remain a day or two and then

remove with a camel's hair velvet brush. It is claimed that in most cases this treatment will cause the spots to disappear entirely.

That it is claimed that alcohol will immediately remove grass stains from any white material.

That a wineglassful of *eau de cologne*, one of lemon juice and two cakes of brown soap scraped to a powder, mixed to a paste, will when hardened make an excellent soap for whitened the hands.

That wrinkled silk may be smoothed by sponging on the right side with very weak gum arabic water and ironing on the wrong side.

## THE GALLAUDET HOME.

The friends of Mr. Isaac B. Gardner here congratulate him upon the position to which he was appointed a short time ago, as a teacher in the school for deaf-mutes at Little Rock, Ark. He is in the vigor of young manhood and bright prospects are open to him. It is hoped he could read the Home letter in the *JOURNAL*, he having been connected with the Institution for more than half a dozen years.

Mrs. White dropped in at the Home on a recent evening. She came to see Matron Davis on business.

On Sunday, September 15th, Mr. Chester Q. Mann officiated in the chapel morning and afternoon. His discourse on the parable of the ten virgins was very interesting. He went house hunting in Poughkeepsie the next day. If he has found a dwelling to suit, his family will move there from Yonkers. This change could give Mr. Mann an opportunity to come here often and preach.

Several days ago, Mrs. Sophia Nicholson sent to Mrs. Roberts by mail a book containing views of Niagara Falls, and hoped the inmates would enjoy it. Mrs. Nicholson is on a visit in Cohecton, N. Y., but may spend the winter in New York City.

Samuel Gardner and a gentleman friend called at the Home recently.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is sojourning in Rhinebeck, this county, expects to make us a visit soon. She is a well known deaf-mute lady.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson came down from Poughkeepsie a couple of weeks ago. She had a kind word for all.

Mrs. Totten's second husband, was not Mr. Frisbee, as Prof. J. E. Story stated in a letter from Cherry Valley, N. Y., to the *Register* some time ago. The lady married Dr. Wm. Clinton Mitchell, a son of one of the directors of the New York Institution when it was in its infancy. After Mr. Mitchell died, his widow was wedded to Mr. Nathan M. Totten, a deaf-mute.

Mrs. Jane E. Williams sent a lovely patchwork quilt here last July, through Miss Prudence Lewis, head supervisor of the girls at Fanwood. We should have mentioned this before, but forgot all about it. In writing for a newspaper, correspondents have a great deal to occupy their thoughts, and may be pardoned if some news goes unchronicled.

Miss Spear has a nice black dress, and looks becoming in it.

Mr. Clinton's brother, John, is attending military school in Jamesburg, N. J. John considers himself a loyalist, and will stand by the stars and stripes through thick and thin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nelson are still in London, and will remain there until January 26th, when they go to Paris. It is needless to say that the Parisian mutes will extend to them a cordial welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were much pleased to meet Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the English capital. One day they all dined at the residence of Rev. Mr. Gilly, Pastor of St. Saviour's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

Thursday morning, the 19th, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Warren L. Foster, of the ladies board, drove here in an elegant carriage. They brought a lot of cakes for the inmates.

Mr. I. B. Gardner preached in the chapel Sunday morning before last. He was visiting his folks preparatory to going South.

It would be well if new England had a home for her own aged and infirm deaf-mutes. We were lately informed that two of them, living in New Hampshire, wish to be admitted here.

The walls of the women's sitting-room have been painted, and the ceiling, too.

Mrs. Edwards acknowledges the receipt of a bundle which was forwarded to her from New York.

Before dinner Tuesday, the 24th, Charles Gardner and his oldest son Isaac visited the Dutchess County fair, which was held in Poughkeepsie. Isaac started for Arkansas a few days later, taking with him the best wishes of every body here for a successful and prosperous career in his new field of labor.

It is said that the property belonging to Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Vineland, N. J., was seized by a sheriff last Spring for the non-payment of taxes. Mr. Taylor died a few years ago, and his wife got possession of the farm. She married Benjamin Warrington, a graduate of the school for deaf-mutes in Philadelphia.

Miss Smith, the uneducated inmate, had to be removed from her little bed-room to the infirmary not long ago. She is suffering from palsy, and has lost the use of an eye.

LOUISE.

Sept. 30, 1895.

## "Remember the Alamo."

"Thermopylae had its messengers of death, but the Alamo had none!" In these words a United States Senator referred to one of the most resolute and effective fights ever waged by brave men against overwhelming odds in the face of certain death.

Soon after the close of the second war with Great Britain, parties of American settlers began to press forward into the rich, sparsely-settled territory of Texas, then a portion of Mexico. At first these immigrants were well received, but the Mexicans speedily grew jealous of them and oppressed them in various ways. In consequence, when the settlers felt themselves strong enough, they revolted against Mexican rule and declared Texas to be an independent republic. Immediately Santa Anna, the Dictator of Mexico, gathered a large army and invaded Texas. The slender forces of the settlers were unable to meet his hosts. They were pressed back by the Mexicans, and dreadful atrocities were committed by Santa Anna and his lieutenants.

In the United States there was great enthusiasm felt for the struggling Texans, and many bold backwoodsman and Indians fighters swarmed to their help. Among these the two most famous were Sam Houston and David Crockett.

Houston was the younger man, and had already, led an extraordinary and varied career. When a mere lad he had run away from home and joined the Cherokees, living among them for some years; then he returned home. He had fought under Andrew Jackson in his campaigns against the Creeks, and had been severely wounded at the battle of the Horseshoe Bend. He had risen to the highest political honors in his State, becoming Governor of Tennessee, and had then suddenly, in a fit of moody longing for the life of the wilderness given up his governorship, left the State, and crossed the Mississippi, going to join his old comrades, the Cherokees, in their new home along the waters of the Arkansas. Here he dressed, lived, fought, hunted, and drank precisely like any Indian, becoming one of the chiefs.

David Crockett was born soon after the Revolutionary War. He, too, had taken part under Jackson in the campaigns against the Creeks, and had afterward become a man of mark in Tennessee and gone to Congress as a Whig; but he had quarreled with Jackson and been beaten for Congress, and in his disgust he left the State and decided to join the Texans. He was the most famous rifle-shot in all the United States and the most successful hunter, so that his skill was a proverb all along the border.

David Crockett journeyed south, by boat and horse, making his way steadily toward the distant plains where the Texans were waging their life and death fight. Texas was a wild place indeed in those days, and the old hunter had more than one hairbreadth escape from Indians, desperadoes, and wild beasts before he got to the neighborhood of San Antonio, and joined another adventurer, a bee-hunter, bent on the same errand as himself. The two had been in ignorance of exactly what was the situation in Texas; but they soon found out that the Mexican army was marching toward San Antonio, whither they were going. Near the town was an old Spanish fort, the Alamo, in which the hundred and fifty American defenders of the place had gathered. Santa Anna had four thousand troops with him.

The storming took place on March 6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on well and steadily, breaking through the outer defenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting at the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet; while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them and fought desperately, one against many; and they also used their bowie knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight raged to and fro between the shattered walls, each American the center of a group of foes; but for all their strength and their wild fighting courage the defenders were too few, and the struggle could have but one end. One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left. Then these fell, too, and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged

that the Mexicans who thronged around about him were beaten back for the moment, and no one dared to run in upon him. Accordingly, while the lancers held him where he was, for, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break out through them, the musketeers loaded their carbines and shot him down; for Santa Anna declined to show him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds he was taken alive and was then shot by Santa Anna's order; but his fate cannot be told with certainty, for not a single American was left alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell the fight was over. Every one of the hardy men who had held the Alamo lay still in death. Yet they died well avenged, for four times their number of foes fell at their hands in the battle.

Santa Anna had but a short while in which to exult over his bloody and hard-won victory. Already a rider from the rolling Texas plains, going north through the Indian Territory, had told Houston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there was kindled a longing to return to the men of his race in the time of their need. Mounting his horse he rode by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans as a heaven-sent leader. He took command of their forces, 1100 stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto he and his men charged the Mexican hosts with the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Almost immediately the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughter. Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Texas was won at a blow.—*Harper's Young People.*

## Maxims for Blackboards.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Order is heaven's first law. A place for everything and everything in its place. He who does his best does well. Reward is in the doing. Honesty is the best policy. An honest man is the noblest work of God. Good health is better than wealth. Not failure, but low aim, is crime. True worth is in being, not seeming. Being good is the mother of doing good. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Keep good company and you shall be of the number. There is nothing that costs less than civility. It always pays to be a gentleman. Politeness is the outward garment of good will. Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head. The noblest courage dares to do right. Denying a fault doubles it. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. Be friendly, and you will never want friends. Think the truth, speak the truth, act the truth. Kind words are the music of the world. A person good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.—*Exchange.*

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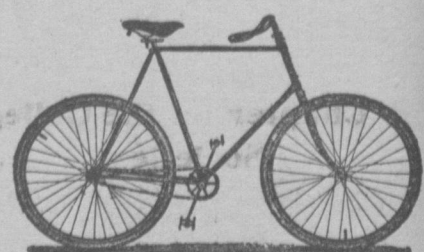
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OF DEAF-MUTES.

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228 Grand St., Brooklyn, E. D.

Saturday Evening,  
November 2, 1895

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